Yea, mocke the Lyon when he rores for prey,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading mee,
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And dye with greeuing.

Portia. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiſde.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me to my chance

Por. Firſt forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt, or curſedſt among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me ſaying to mee, *Gobbo, Lancelet Gobbo*, good *Lancelet*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Lancelet Gobbo*, vſe your legges, take the ſtarte, runne away: My Conſcience ſayes no; take heed honeſt *Lancelet*, take heede honeſt *Gobbo*, or as aforeſaide, honeſt *Launcelet Gobbo*, do nor runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles. Well, the moſt couragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue mind ſayes the fiend, and runne. Well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me; My honeſt friend *Lancelet*, being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too, he had a kinde of taſte: well, my conſcience ſayes bouge

bouge not; bouge ſaies the fiend; bouge not ſayes ſcience. Conſcience ſay I you counſell well; Fien counſell ill. To be rul'd by my Conſcience, I ſhoul the Iew my maſter, who (God bleſſe the marke) is diuell; and to runne away from the Iew, I ſhould b the fiend, who (ſauing your reuerence) is the Diuel Certainly the Iew is the very diuell incarnall, and in ence, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcienc to counſell me to ſtay with the Iew. The fiende giu friendly counſaile, I will run fiend, my heeles are at mand, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gobbo. Maſter yong man, you I pray you, which to Maſter Iewes?

Lance. O heauens, this is my true begotten Fathe ing more then ſand blind, high grauell blinde, know I will try concluſions with him.

Gobbo. Maſter yong Gentleman, I pray you which to maſter Iewes?

Lance. Turne vp on your right hand at the next tu at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the v turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectl Iewes houſe.

Gobbo. Be Gods ſonties twill bee a hard way to h tell me whither one *Lancelet* that dwels with him, him, or no?

Lancelet. Talke you of young maſter *Lancelet*? N now, now will I raiſe the waters:
Talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*?

Gobbo. No maſter ſir, but a poore mans ſonne.
His Father (though I ſay it)
Is an honeſt exceeding poore man,
And God be thanked, well to liue.

Lancelet. Well, let his Father be what a will, we ta